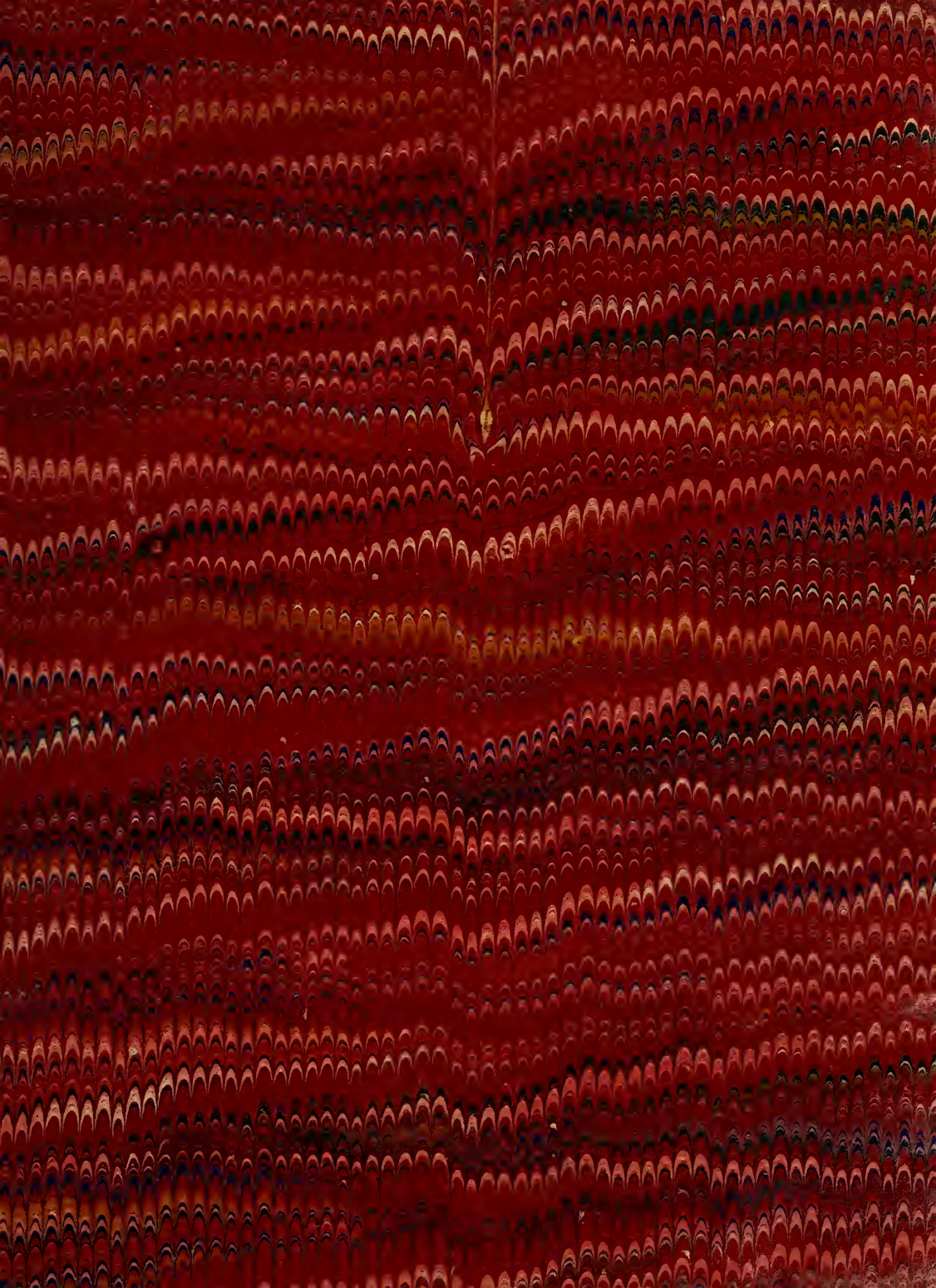


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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

HISTORY

OF THE CLASS OF



26.6

BY

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1874.

PREFACE.

IN compliance with a desire expressed by the class, I have here presented the History substantially as it was read at class-day.

By confining myself, without opinion or criticism, to incontrovertible facts carefully noted down during the class's four years' course, I trust I have avoided the fault of having anything extenuated or done aught in malice.

What is related will undoubtedly appear trivial to those unconcerned, and probably will fail to interest those concerned, so long as the events are still fresh in memory, nor yet obscured by the active business of life.

But in future years a glance at these pages may serve to refresh the mind with a train of pleasant recollections of the good old college days. With this view a detailed description has not been aimed at, but rather some allusion to each feature which may go to make up an outline that the memory can fill in with light and shade.

Perhaps, in approbation of this intention, my classmates may be disposed to look with indulgence upon those demerits which they will be sure to detect.

New York, October, 1874.

VOLUME I.

FRESHMAN YEAR.

Ham.—Then saw you not his face ?

Hor.—O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

It were an error to suppose that the class of '74 began its collegiate course with the proverbial verdancy of Freshmen. In a rural college the class might have been gathered from the surrounding soil. The potato field, the pumpkin patch, and the cow-yard might each have furnished its quota of recruits all clad in the family homespun,

“With face devoid of whiskers
And coat devoid of skirts.”

But the infant teeth of '74 had been cut, and its infant ideas formed amid the whirl and bustle of the nation's metropolis, so that having passed amid such influences in due time from bibs to knickerbockers, and from knickerbockers to Latin grammars, the class felt itself at last fully worthy to contend in the academic arena. But in spite of this confidence

and calmness, the event was felt to be an important crisis ; moreover, ambition to attain the envied distinction of collegian ; pride dreading the scorn of companions should failure ensue, and the terrible uncertainty of the issue,—all conspired to nerve every faculty to its highest exertion. Happy then the man who could boast the mentorship of some experienced undergraduate to initiate him into the choicest artifices for evading the rigor of the ordeal, and hapless he, who, with neither a pony-leaf nor an introduction to Prex, with no guide but the college catalogue, ventured on that “*mare ignotum*.” Such, at least, was the voice of the sages in such matters, but the vanity of their pretensions soon became evident. On the morning of the 20th of June, 1870, the doors of the president’s room are thrown wide open over the college portico, the air is fresh, the sky is clear, and nature seems at rest. About half-past nine A. M., unfamiliar faces begin to appear at the college gate, and strange voices are heard chattering in a high key on the college steps. The crowd thickens, and, as the bell tolls ten, the last lingerer disappears through the yawning doorway and the door is shut !

The assembled candidates within formed an interesting study, emphatically so to the gaze of the upper-classmen, who hung in knots around the doorways and delivered their audible criticisms. Boisterous Sophomores discussed the chances of the new class in a rush, or plotted a mock examination ; Juniors smiled complacently, and Seniors looked with kindly

eye, as the scene recalled memories of the past. Some of the motley gathering of candidates looked pale and apprehensive, some looked stout and cheeky. Some there were who shrank diffidently from the gaze of others, and some were already busy in making the acquaintance of their future classmates. While fathers and guardians endeavored to engage in conversation the professors who happened to be present, the candidates formed themselves in line and each in turn entered his name upon the register, receiving at the same time a slip of paper directing him to his destined examiner. Hour after hour the unfortunates were quizzed and puzzled till the last word was scratched down, and the last idea wrung in agony from their brains. To some the examination proved an insurmountable wall which digging could not undermine nor pony practice clear. A late resolution of the board adding six books of Legendre to the usual requirements for admission first took effect upon this occasion, and so well did the experiment succeed that the faculty evidently marked the class for future elevations of the standard, for a similar infliction has been endured thrice during the college course.

The two days' trial having been finally accomplished for good or for bad,—away! to rural joys where no Xenophon can lead his ten thousand, and over seas which no "*pons asinorum*" can bridge. What if Greek grammar must be met again in October, surely, "with no present expectation of their being realized," why could they not "assume *all* conditions as contrary to reality?"

The first Monday in October, true to the calendar, beholds the lately vacant grounds and gloomy lobbies re-thronged with busy crowds. '71 is there with its men great and grave; '72 is there, its jolly Juniors hob-nobbing and slapping each other on the back; and '73 is on hand enjoying the novelty of Sophomoric dignity.

The bell tolls; and, from green and cloak-room the crowd pours into chapel where finally '74 is stowed safely into its assigned place, close under the eye of Weeks.

The first impression of chapel upon a new class must be most excellent. Every man in college is in his place, the rostrum is dark with gowned dons, the chaplain is robed in snowy white, the good president stands forth with the grandeur of Olympian Jove, and, finally, when the hymn is lifted up with one grand burst of sound, the Freshman's heart leaps to his throat. Check not those swelling emotions, thou innocent, for this display of devotion shall be sought to-morrow in vain, nor shall it again appear to thy delighted gaze till another first Monday in October brings thee here to stare at the class of 1875. Thou shalt have learned by that time that the organ is cracked, the seats are hard, and the roll officer is a man of straw, and thou shalt have discovered, *perhaps*, that it is easier to cram those propositions in Legendre in the free air of the cloak-room than in the sanctified atmosphere of chapel.

On emerging from chapel the college steps were found to be in the possession of '73, in full force. To dash up and

plunge through the midst of the garrison was the work of an instant, and the scene of devastation was fully begun, when, towering above the excited throng, appeared the president's white beard. Immediately, "*velut quum magno in populo coërta est seditio, tum pietate gravem ac merito si forte virum quem conspexere, silent,*" the tumult ceased, and the class retired to its allotted room and awaited its turn to matriculate. That ceremony was finally accomplished, and they were fully installed as undergraduates of Columbia College and members of the class of '74.

Having brought themselves safely into college, the next care was to remain there. In the flush of good resolutions, therefore, each set about to secure for himself the head of the class, and, during the first week of attendance, the recitations were marvelous. But, at the end of a week, the sentiment of dread, necessary to the order of some disposi-

The roll of the class at matriculation was:—Aldrich, Allerton, Appleton, Aymé, Bartow, Bicknell, Buckley, Butterworth, Cheesman, Cornell, Drisler, Foster, Harrower, Heasley, Henry, Heyward, Hinrichs, Humphreys, Johnson, Journeay, Kobbé, Lacey, Mackenzie, Meyer, Morgan, Rapallo, Reed, Sands, Scudder, Shaw, Tenney, Thompson, Todd, and Waite.

During the first term of the year the class pursued studies in Rhetoric, Essays and Declamation, Roman Antiquities and Grecian History, Geometry, Latin and Greek Syntax, besides reading portions of Horace's Odes and the Odyssey. In the second term Algebra took the place of Geometry, and the classical reading was Cicero de Senectute and portions of Herodotus. (German was optional throughout the course.)

tions, had greatly disappeared, and a closer acquaintance had been established with the various professors and tutors.

Mr. Quackenbos was daily entertained with a serenade whose refrain was "Quack! quack!" Mr. Merriam was known as Gussy, though such was the terror of this stern man that the epithet of familiarity was muttered between the teeth, like the hiss of a serpent; and the thought of those dreaded weekly examinations in Latin and Greek syntax even now causes a shudder. Good Professor Schmidt came twice a week, and, though antiquities were voted a consummate bore, and the flunks that were made "were quite frightful to see," yet against "Old Schmidt" none could ever nurse a grudge. Many a story is extant of occasions when a real or fancied injustice called forth a frank apology from the kind professor, sometimes even after the circumstance had passed from the student's mind. One day, a mouse was brought up in a small trap and liberated during the recitation, whereupon the class scrambled in terror upon the benches and desks. The professor alone retained his presence of mind. "Gentlemen," said he, looking sternly around, "if you are afraid, I will call François." The class, however, trembling with fear, refused to trust itself down until the wild animal had found a chink in the floor and disappeared.

Professor Van Amringe was soon set down as a "brick," and, though the hours at the blackboard were not hours of ease, except, perhaps, to the few who affected "voluntaries,"

it was a noteworthy circumstance that, in the class's merry-makings, the cheer for Van Am was a little the loudest, and Van Am's toast a little the deepest. The occasional glimpses so far afforded of Prex did not justify a claim to acquaintance, and the upper regions of the board were as yet unexplored. But, of one member of that board, volumes might already have been written. As soon as it was discovered that the gentleman who led the hymn in chapel, and blew the whistle in the hall, was not the President, D. D., LL. D., S. T. D., but Stephen R. Weeks, *alias* St. Stephen, immediately a lofty familiarity of manner was affected. Mr. Weeks, however, having been connected with the college for some twenty or twenty-five years, was not particularly impressed. Nor must this opportunity be lost, of tendering to that gentleman the class's sincere obligations for his frequent forbearance with their irregularities, together with their thanks for his many enforced solos in chapel, which, he may be assured, were thoroughly appreciated.

In the pursuit of wisdom, the physical was not forgotten. Foot-ball was at that time just rising into general notice among the various colleges. Base-ball was rather on the wane, owing probably, at Columbia, to the building-up of the old practice-grounds. Every morning and afternoon found the narrow campus swarmed with a rough and noisy crowd of players, and the bank lined with applauding spectators. The Columbia game exhibited its characteristic feature when the ball became jammed between the iron railing

and the bank, and the opposing parties, precipitating themselves into the chasm, one upon another, fought tooth and nail for the prize. After a month of such schooling, the class ventured to engage in the traditional contest with the Sophomores, but without success. The college twenty was defeated soon after in a match with a twenty from Rutgers College, New Brunswick. The event is mentioned because '74 was there first called upon to wear the white and blue, and to join in the cheer, "C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A!"

A class's wars, like those of a nation, form no inconsiderable element of its history. It was soon evident that the balance of power could not be preserved with '73, which was growing offensive and arrogant. The first morning's experience had convinced the class that "*vis consili expers mole ruit sua*." By general consent, therefore, on October 20th, after the third hour, the Freshman class assembled in Professor Drisler's room, and proceeded to organize itself into a corporate body. A political caucus or a crowd at the stock exchange may have worthier matters to consider, but a greater row than a Freshman class's first meeting can scarcely be imagined. Yet, amid showers of chalk, hoots of "put him out!" and vain calls to order from the chair, a constitution was adopted, and the class passed into its corporate existence. The step was completed by the election of Mr. Kobbé, the chairman *pro tem.*, to the office of president *pro anno*. The other officers were immediately chosen, with the exception of historian, whose election was deferred for maturer delibera-

tion. The class was at that time innocent of a thought of wire-pulling or intrigue, and the candidates for those mighty offices were conscientiously selected for their qualifications. Tenney and Hinrichs were appointed to support the dignity, respectively, of first and second vice-president, because each was a man of influence and executive ability. Sands was chosen as treasurer because he was known to be a man of eminent financial talent. Buckley received the office of secretary because it required quickness of perception and skill in the art of caligraphy. The newly-fledged officers responded lengthily to the call for speeches, the president elect favoring the class with a flowery sketch of his infancy, boyhood, and early life, so fitly crowned by the present auspicious moment.

December 5th, the Marathon of '74, found a class-meeting assembled in Mr. Merriam's room. Never, before or since, were the proceedings more brilliant. Some five different members were simultaneously holding the class transfixed with their eloquence, when the door slowly opened and admitted five Sophomores. A moment ensued of mute amazement at the coolness of the intruders, who proceeded to make themselves comfortable. This was followed by a motion to adjourn, which was about to be put, when a few high-spirited

Class-meeting day was at first Friday, but, as the class's deliberations were wont to disturb those of the Board, the day was changed to Thursday.

Freshmen, exasperated beyond endurance, rushed to the door, fastened it, and raised the war-cry of '74. It was the work of an instant; the next moment the combat closed. Sophs poured in through the forced door, and, through the crash of benches and the whirl of missiles, clouds of dust and savage yells arose. Soon, naught could be distinguished but a swaying, struggling mass. Now Sophs were down, now Freshies; but, as human strength and human tailoring cannot long endure such a strain, a truce was finally effected. The Sophs left the room, and the class, much exhausted, but triumphant, concluded its meeting.

Class opinion soon began to assert itself emphatically with regard to the Freshman's right to array himself with high hat and cane; and this determination was realized one morning, when Cheesman appeared in the full glory of a beaver, and the Freshman's eye flashed as he gazed. This elation was brief, however, for the Sophomores closed in—the Freshmen too—and the hat was seen no more; nor is any well-authenticated story of its fate on record, though many traditions regarding it are extant. The next beaver appeared on the head of Tenney, the rush which it provoked being the longest and fiercest of the class's history. Even Mr. Weeks was roughly handled, while endeavoring to maintain the peace. On both sides, for a week after, attendance at college was much diminished; and, at length, men appeared one by one, feebly endeavoring to cover a scar or conceal a limp.

Before the first term ended, the class had adopted the legend "*Παρίστασθαι ἀεὶ ἀλλήλοις*" as the class motto, and was pledged to stand by it, and by each other. There was now no danger of any member mistaking his men, or endeavoring to throw a classmate in a rush, or making the blunder made on an earlier occasion by a diminutive member of the class, who, upon being presented to a prominent senior, a man over six feet, familiarly remarked that he was happy to make the acquaintance of a classmate who would evidently be such a useful man in a rush.

In January, the class office which still remained vacant, was filled by a novel plan, since grown into a college custom.

On February 16th, after completing its intermediate examination, the class took part in its first semi-annual, where, arrayed in academic robes, it presented a highly scholarly appearance. In a few days college duties were resumed. The roll was increased by the acquisition of a new member, Mr. Aymar, who had entered the class at the late examination. In classical lore, the wanderings of Ulysses gave place to those of Arion, and the class exchanged the prosy sermons of the "man of Arpinum" for the sparkling chords of Horace's lyre. During the second term, also, no less than one-half of the class habitually sported canes and silk hats. In the spring, the class organized a ball-club which never played a match, and a boat-club which fell to the ground soon after, but was nevertheless the seed which,

under more benign influences, expanded into the boating institution of which we now boast.

The evening of June 16th beheld a well-piled board spread in an apartment of the Hoffman House and surrounded by a jolly crowd celebrating the class-supper of '74's Freshman year. Amid scintillations of wit and flow of soul, the oysters, salmon, and various viands were demolished, and generous Bacchus began his sway. The regular toasts of the evening were creditably responded to, amid hearty acclamations, and impromptu sentiments filled up the intervals. Dramatic recitations and a grand walk-around terminated the festivities. "The wine supplied what our wits denied," and, after serenading the fair ones of Gotham, "we all went home by the light of the moon."

VOLUME II.

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

Ham.—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 *Clo.*—Mine, sir.—

Ham.—What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clo.*—For no man, sir.

Ham.—What woman, then?

1 *Clo.*—For none neither.

THE summer of 1871 wrought marvelous changes in the tone of the class. Instead of with the bristly chin and unsettled manners of an awkward stripling, each member reappeared with the sleekness and elegance of the Sophomore and man of the world. Several told of awkward positions in which they had been placed, when, after airing their college dignity, the fact leaked out that they were only Freshmen, and it was rumored that several engagements had been frustrated thus. Much havoc had befallen the class's roll. Aymar and Tenney, by dint of hard reading during vacation, had been enabled to skip the Sophomore year, and pass into the Class of '73, a similar feat having been performed but once previously in

the college history. The loss of two such creditable members was much regretted. Bartow forsook the attractions of a college life for the drudgery of the counting-house, leaving grateful recollections in the hearts of his classmates, who spared no pains to deter him from his resolution. No less regret was caused by the departure of Bicknell, Appleton, and Journeay for business life. Morgan left the class to enter Harvard, and Heyward left to travel in Europe. On the other hand five new acquisitions had been made ; Storrs, who had been prevented by illness from attending during the previous year ; Loder, formerly of '73, which illness had compelled him to leave ; Kennedy, from Queen's University, Belfast ; McKinney, from Alleghany College, Pa. ; and Brown, from the College of the City of New York.

We missed the faces of '71's heroes, to whom we had paid a willing tribute of Freshmanic reverence, and whose acquaintance we were afterward wont to boast proudly. But we found that we had a mission to perform in reducing the arrogance of certain strangers who paraded the halls under the aspiring title of '75. These beardless youths, in the first place, made a rash attempt to pass '74 on the steps after chapel ; it is needless to pursue the subject farther. Whenever it is broached, even at this late day, the member of '75 is seen to turn pale, and the member of '74 to grow pensive, his eye to kindle with recollections of the past, and his hand to fondle unconsciously his biceps.

The class's progress in the paths of learning was marked by a transfer from the tutelage of Mr. Merriam to that of Profs. Drisler and Short. No conscientious student could fail to feel, in parting from the classical tutor, much gratitude for the advantages gained from his skillful and scholarly instruction, his impartial discipline, and his good-humor.

Prof. Schmidt undertook the department of English composition, previously the task of Mr. Quackenbos. His system of correcting the essays met with general approval, for it was an immense relief to receive, during the dragging monotony of a Greek tragedy, the following note, brought by François :

“ Prof. Drisler, please allow Mr. ——— to come to my room immediately to attend to the correction of his essay.

“ HENRY I. SCHMIDT, Professor,”

and the professor was generally not averse to a lengthy chat.

In November, Mr. Hinrichs was elected class president for

The class, during the first term, applied itself to Modern History and the Philosophy of History ; Essays and Declamations ; Grecian Antiquities and Roman History ; and Trigonometry ; besides reading the Satires and Epistles of Horace, and the Medea of Euripides. In the second term lectures on Surveying were added, and the classical reading was Tacitus' Germania and Agricola, and Xenophon's Memorabilia.

1872. Two unlucky foot-ball matches—'74 as a class never excelled in foot-ball—were also played with '75. Our mission to humble that class now occupied our entire attention, and war opened in all its ferocity. Time after time the stairs groaned with the combat, and the banisters came down repeatedly, the pieces being carried off as trophies to ornament the rooms of the combatants.

One morning, in the cloak-room, during the few minutes before ten when the bulk of the day's work is prepared, a beaver was espied on a head which a glance showed to be that of a Freshman. The quickness with which this conclusion was reached was only paralleled by the bewildering rapidity of the whack which terminated that beaver's existence forever. The scene immediately thickened, and the dense cloud of dust which arose to the ceiling concealed what went on ; but, as "*ἀεὶ ἀλλήλοισι*," etc., was heard, it is to be presumed that '74 was concerned. On a subsequent occasion '75 was fairly entrapped into an ambush, upon emerging into the hall from Van Amringe's room, and the rush which there ensued formed an honorable climax to '74's fighting career, which thereupon closed forever.

The severe illness of Prof. Drisler during the greater part of the winter occasioned the class much anxiety, and brought it once more under Mr. Merriam's charge. In January much gratification was caused by the reappearance of the esteemed professor in his accustomed place. After several complimentary remarks the professor informed the

class, with tears in his eyes, that, owing to his long absence, there would be no examination in Euripides at the end of the term. A wail of anguish went through the room, and the rest of the day was spent in fasting. A misunderstanding arose about this time with the Seniors concerning the distribution of boxes for semi-annual. After much windy eloquence had been exhausted on the subject, the matter was adjusted by a concession with a protest on the part of '74. '73 held out, and *professedly* did not attend the semi-annual. Previous to the difficulty a jovial reunion at Fritz's had been planned by the two lower classes for the entertainment of their respective patrons, '72 and '73—a revival of an old custom. In spite of the late trouble the affair was a success, for rivers of lager, even such as Fritz's, can quench much malice.

The locality here mentioned did not attract the class's attention now for the first time, nor for the last. The most diffident had learned already to swig Fritz's lager and pronounce maledictions upon it; many could survive one of his choice brand of cigars, and a select few, including Henry, Aldrich, Johnson, Shaw, and Thompson, could pilot a ball safely across the hills and valleys of his billiard table, and

In December the class resolved to wear caps and gowns at examinations, and carried out the idea with some degree of consistency. But the custom was gradually dropped, though each new class, we find, makes a similar attempt to revive it.

carom on the red. We knew the traditions of the place, the story of *A. O. B.*, and the sad history of the original Fritz. And it was there, as many will remember, that a majority of the class once held a special meeting—the minority being at the same moment in attendance in Prof. Drisler's room—and considered the report of a burial committee, and then partook of the hospitalities of the house, and, with their drams, made merry over the scruples of the rest of the class. Many a jolly song has been sung there under the magic spell of “Lager for the crowd!” and long may Fritz's rubicund cheeks and colossal waistband form the background of that happy resort of thirsty spirits.

The passions of the human heart are mysterious. Why, for instance, thirty-two intelligent, Christian young men should wantonly undertake a scheme of deliberate murder, is a problem defying solution. Yet, in the month of March, 1872, the class calmly sat down to murder the immortal Shakespeare. The Shakespeare Club held not more than three meetings, but in that time the wretched King Lear had been nearly tortured out of existence. The Club held no more meetings, and the Bard of Avon still lives. The class then determined to have a burial, and “the Ancient” having been finally discarded, a modern improvement was

The Shakespeare Club, comprehending the whole class, was divided into two sections, Butterworth being chairman of the first, and Kobbé chairman of the second.

substituted, and it was determined to bury animosities with the Freshman Class. The 8th of June was appointed, and, amid much ridicule from the skeptical, the committee went to work.

On the appointed night, under the lurid light of the torch, we met the Freshmen in the middle of the campus, and seated in a grim circle around the camp-fire in the character of Indians, we buried the hatchet of discord. A pipe of peace went round, a pipe-bearer and a pouch-bearer supplying the necessary articles. Mr. Buckley, as Grand Sachem, ha-

PROGRAMME.

1. { Red Injuns on ground at 7:45 P. M.
 { White men on ground at 8 P. M.
2. The Braves meet the White Men and arrange them in line to right of college, the Injuns to left.
3. Singing. Injuns, led by Gr. Sachem, Pipe-bearer, and Pouch-bearer, march in single file around campus to right, at the same time White Men, headed by Wm. Penn, march in double file to left.
4. Whites arrange themselves in semicircle to right of campus.
5. Injuns, still chanting, deposit their torches in center of campus, and arrange themselves opposite, completing the circle with the Whites.
6. Address of welcome by Gr. Sachem.
7. Reply by Wm. Penn.
8. Injuns sing "Jolly Sophomore."
9. Whites sing.
10. Address by orator (Shaw).
11. Burial of tomahawk.
12. Pouch-bearer (Drisler) and Pipe-bearer (Kobbé) distribute pipes to the whole mob.

ranged both parties in a flowery speech. The leader of the opposite party responded, orators and braves performed their offices, strange songs were sung, compliments were exchanged, and a song of peace sealed the bond. A large

13. Smoke.

14. Speech from White Orator.

15. Songs, cheers, and conclusion.

The committee in charge was composed of Cheesman (Chairman), Foster, Hinrichs, Sands, and Todd.

SONG.

Welcome, White Men, hearty welcome,
Welcome to our camping-ground ;
Tussle, fear, and fight are over,
Past the conflict's fearful sound.

Welcome, White Men, Injuns bid you,
Peace shall rule us—peace alone ;
Beaver, hall-way, canes, shall no more
Be to us contention's bone.

Spirit Great hath bid us bury,
With the White Men, name of "Foe" ;
Tomahawk to earth consigning,
To discord we'll say "No go !"

Now we'll pledge you round our camp-fire
That we'll never Sophs be more,
And in token of our friendship
We transmit you Sophomore's store.

concourse witnessed the scene, and, after serenading Prex, the party filed down Fifth Avenue to the discord of a vagrant German band. Need it be added that the destination was Delmonico's?

The scheme of prize scholarships and fellowships—the scholarships being \$100 each, the fellowships each \$500, under certain conditions annually for three years after acquisition—was instituted early in this year, and excited much interest and sharp competition. Butterworth distinguished himself by carrying off half of the scholarships offered

We do grant you right to harass
 Seventy-six with all your might;
 Knock 'em, rush 'em, pound 'em, trip 'em,
 Then for pardon ask polite.

Bear with grace your new-gained honor;
 Supercilious, haughty look
 May forever mark you Soph'more—
 Never Freshy's insults brook!

CHORUS.—“Saw my leg off,” etc.

The toasts proposed at the supper in the evening were responded to as follows, viz.:

Sister Colleges.....	Mr. Mackenzie.
Alma Mater.....	Mr. Reed.
President.....	Mr. Cornell.
Professors.....	Mr. Todd.
Class.....	Mr. Hinrichs.
The Ladies.....	Mr. Kobbé.

to the Sophomore class. Kennedy obtained the prize in the special department of German. Thirteen of the class were members of the Philolexian Society, and all of the society's prizes for oratory were awarded this year to competitors from that number. A bill had been discussed lately in the State Legislature authorizing the removal of the college site; no little interest was awakened thereby, and the hopes of the sanguine were high. But a veil of stucco still covers Columbia's classic shades, though there are those still who fondly believe that the Columbia Freshman shall one day study architecture from the architraves of his Alma Mater's dwelling, and that the bounding foot-ball shall roam over a thousand feet of campus.

Sophomore year had contributed much to the class's general culture. Throwing surveyors' chains in Peck's room had developed its muscle, listening to anecdotes of the aristocracy in another department had sharpened the intellect, and meditating upon the "*δαιμονία*" with the Greek professor had improved its moral tone. Thus equipped, the class dispersed for the summer.

VOLUME III.

JUNIOR YEAR.

King.—Here's to thy health—give him the cup.

HAMLET.

“IN Junior Year we take our ease—we smoke our pipes and sing our glees.” What a calm and delightful picture do these words call to our senses. The summer of college life, after the struggles and tumults of Sophomore year, and before the grave cares of Senior year—the full strength of manhood at hand, and boyhood past—among the pleasures of heart, intellect, and sense, we basked in the serene sunshine of Junior year. Upon the class's return in October, 1873, the first anxiety was to reckon over our numbers. The roll was reduced to twenty-eight, four having left, viz.: Todd, for

The course of study pursued embraced, at first: Logic, Analytical Geometry, Lectures on Heat and Inorganic Chemistry, reading in the Satires of Juvenal and the Antigone of Sophocles. In the second term the lectures were on English Classics, Mechanics, Electricity, and Chemistry, with Cicero de Officiis and the Apology and Crito of Plato as classical reading. Exercises in Latin verse and original declamations were performed throughout the year. It was announced that the “Honor” system would be extended into the Junior year, but the fate of the

Amherst College; Brown, Heasley, and Waite, for commercial pursuits. Early in October we were startled by the announcement of the death of Dr. Lieber, prominent in the law department of our university, and widely known as an authority in political science. The cheery voice of '72 was missed, but its echoes could not fail to linger in the hearts of those who knew it. That which absorbs the soul of the student community for the first few weeks of each year, "Well may I know but dare not tell." I see the rollicking Soph, the natty Junior, the solemn Senior pay sedulous court to the verdant Freshman. I see them escort him to college and from college, laugh at his jokes, applaud his idiosyncrasies, and contend for the honor of treating him at Delmonico's. I mark the blaze of gold on their breasts, and I see in time the blaze of gold on his breast, and I see that only then, after these paramount interests are settled, does the college wake up to life. But when the time came, the awakening was that of a lion rousing himself for his prey, and it was evident that the year was to be one of unparalleled activity. Constant practice on the new Tremont grounds afforded opportunity for the selection of a good foot-ball twenty, and Columbia was soon on the war-path. Matches followed each other in rapid succes-

enactment to that effect is unknown. Suffice it that the scheme was not carried out.

Reports from chapel showed that new hymn books had been substituted for the old *illustrated* ones. Also that "Amen" was being sung at the end of the hymn, a dangerous step towards ritualism.

sion. Stevens' Institute was defeated, and Rutgers' was twice encountered unsuccessfully. The twenty also went to New Haven, and, though defeated, were most hospitably entertained by Yale. October 13th, 1873, must always be remembered as the birthday of boating at Columbia. The enterprise was undertaken deliberately. It was obvious that the time had come when, if ever, Columbia must make a bold push or be left in the lurch by her sister colleges. The idea of the pampered and enervated Columbia student renouncing the distractions of the city and devoting himself faithfully to the strict training of an oarsman had been ridiculed so often as an impracticability that hitherto it had received no serious consideration. But now the taunt was to be cast back upon its authors. The committee having the matter in charge went to work quietly but zealously and secured the influence of President Barnard, always a friend to athletic sports, to forward their object. The seal of success was set upon the enterprise by the action of the trustees, Dec. 2d, appropri-

A blight was nearly cast upon the boating project by the swamping, in the North River, of a six-oared gig, on a cold morning in March, the ice being still in the upper part of the river. The six oarsmen, with their coxswain, all members of the college, and two from '74, were for fifteen minutes in the water, and were benumbed with cold before being rescued. The boat had been bought at Hoboken and was being rowed to the Harlem River.

The classes of '73 and '75 were very active in pushing the aquatic interest.

ating, "for the encouragement of the exercise of rowing among the students of the undergraduate course," one thousand dollars per annum. The Rowing Association was organized to take this sum in charge, Prof. Van Amringe holding the chair, and commissioned with the power of veto, and Mr. Cornell representing the class in the association's councils. The Boat Club was also separately organized for the distinct purpose of sending a crew annually to the inter-collegiate regatta.

At the election for president of Junior year Mr. Henry was the successful candidate. '74 had already some reputation as a singing class, and never could it be said that "*vox faucibus haesit*," when an opportunity occurred of chirping forth, and it was seldom necessary to inform the distracted professor whose recitation might be disturbed by serenaders without, that it was '74 "off" its hour. But our repertoire was small, consisting chiefly of "Son of a Gambolier," "Suzannah," and "Saw my leg off short." In December four members of the class organized a glee club, extended it to other classes, and placed themselves under the instruction of a musician. Soon, instead of the rollicking chorus, might be heard the tender serenade and sweet madrigal, and to such a height did the club soar that, during the spring, it appeared, with other eminent amateurs, before a large audience at Steinway Hall.

The quartet was composed of Foster, Reed, Cornell, and Cheesman; respectively first and second tenors, first and second basses.

After the intermediate examination the class reassembled on the 13th of February, and proceeded with the regular duties. There was one, however, who was missed from his usual place, and soon it became known that his absence was owing to an illness which warranted the deepest anxiety. On the morning of February 28th the class assembled to find its worst fears realized, for their classmate, Lacey, had died during the previous night at his home in Brooklyn. Hardly yet realizing the sad truth, the class assembled to manifest some feeble expression of mourning for the irreparable loss. On the 2d of March the college exercises were suspended, and we followed our departed classmate's remains to their last resting-place. To have known him best was to mourn him most. In the classroom, in the field, and in the social circle his face was sadly missed. He had intended the ministry for his profession in life, and probably few were better prepared for the life to come,—the memory of Louis Frederick Lacey shall never fade from the hearts of his classmates.

The following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted by the class of '74, at a special meeting, held Friday, February 28th :

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in His all-wise providence, to remove from this life our beloved friend and classmate, LOUIS FREDERICK LACEY ; therefore, be it

Resolved, That, in his death, we, the members of the class of '74, have lost an honored and respected friend, whose manly and unobtrusive life won the affectionate regard of all who were privileged to know him.

Professor Rood lectured upon electricity, during the second term, and illustrated his course with fine experiments. While upon the subject of telegraphy the professor sent a message to an instrument across the room, and then passed the paper ribbon around for the class's inspection. The paper had not gone far before it was evident from the convulsed

Resolved, That, in this affliction, we recognize the hand of a Divine Providence, to whose will we humbly bow, while at the same time we extend our heartfelt sympathy to his family in their bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased; that they be published in the college paper, and be embodied in the records of the class.

C. R. BUCKLEY,
A. J. LODER,
FRANK DRISLER,
Committee.

The above were handsomely engrossed and presented to the deceased's family, and similar resolutions were passed by the Lambda Chapter of Psi Upsilon, of which Lacey was a member.

The class is indebted for the following to Mr. Storrs, whose intimacy enabled him best to perform such a service:

IN MEMORIAM.

TO THE HONORED MEMORY OF A CLASSMATE THESE LINES ARE DEDICATED, AS A BRIEF BUT LOVING TRIBUTE.

FREDERICK LACEY entered with us at the beginning of our college course, and for two years and a half was a regular attendant. It was not long before we recognized his worth, and felt with pride that he was our

features and explosive sounds around that something amusing was transpiring. What would have been the professor's feelings if the paper had been handed back to him after going the round, and he had read, instead of a telegraphic cipher, the following words:

“DEAR MARIA :—Meet me at ten this evening at the old place.
O. N. ROOD.”

classmate. Though quiet and unassuming in manner, he soon won the hearts of all by his kind and sympathetic ways. Strong and athletic, he entered with his whole soul into our sports. Faithfully to perform every duty assigned him, seemed to be one of his life's works. Wherever he went, in the classroom, on the football-field, or in his own study, he carried with him a perfect Christian character; and never for a moment did he forget his duty to his Maker and to himself. He was one of the few of our number who intended to enter the ministry, and well fitted was he to be a teacher of men, and a pastor of their souls.

It was in February of our Junior year that he left us on a leave of absence, to remain for a while free from the toils and anxieties of study, that during the weeks away his health might be improved, if not restored. The springtime came, but he came not. On the last day of winter the sad news spread among us that Fred Lacey was *dead*. Suddenly it came, and a gloom settled upon each one, as we knew that there “was one vacant chair” in '74. It was the first time Death had visited our number, and it certainly seemed strange that he should have taken *him*, who was so well prepared to fill a high station in life, whose genial disposition endeared him to all, for to know him was to love him.

The night of the 27th of February was a dark and dreary night; the very elements seemed to be at war, the snow fell heavily, and the moaning of the wind sounded like some sad requiem. But when the morning

In March the college was again placed in mourning by the death of Dr. Torrey, a distinguished naturalist and a professor of botany at Columbia College, to which he had made valuable benefactions. His loss was deeply regretted.

dawned, it seemed as if Nature had put on her purest robes, for every bush and tree had a coronet of the white snow, while over the ground she had thrown a shroud of white; and as the sun rose all was radiant with splendor. Within, also, the storm had passed and a smile rested on the features of the dead, as if the soul in parting had caught a glimpse of the bright hereafter, and stamped its image on its earthly casket, pronouncing a benediction upon us all. And thus he died, beautiful even in death, a peaceful close of a Christian life. His mortal career was ended, his work on earth was finished, and his soul had returned to his Maker. Though he died so young, he may have done more good than many who have lived beyond the allotted age of man. But he has left behind him a *good name*, and the noble example of a man, for us to follow. The honors that the faculty and students paid his memory on his burial were small in comparison with our loss.

Tenderly we bore him to his resting-place in the Greenwood, and while we go out for a little to encounter the storms of life, we shall never forget that just beyond the river, in that silent city of the dead, rests all that was mortal of our classmate. While that bright and beautiful spirit, which drew us to him so lovingly here, is now far brighter and more beautiful—the companion of saints and angels—in our Father's house above.

God grant that we may stand an unbroken class upon the shores of that unknown land, and perhaps he that was taken from us here may there become our guide, and may show to us the beauties, and explain the mysteries of that heavenly country.

Dr. Torrey's lectures were optional, and had been attended by a few of the class during the Junior year.

In April the college sent her first delegation to the Boating Convention of American Colleges. Columbia, in common with several sister colleges, reaped a great advantage from the new regulation admitting scientific students upon university crews. On the 20th of May the election took place of the recipient of the Goodwood Cup. The interest throughout the college was intense, as both candidates were high in popular favor. One voter even came up in a carriage from a sick-room to give his voice on the question. After balloting, the result was announced ; a moment of breathless silence succeeded, and then a mighty cheer arose, which was caught up by the eager expectants without, and echoed through the remotest recesses of the building. The vote was made unanimous, and the successful candidate entertained his admirers bountifully at Fritz's.

Early in May the Columbiad of '74 made its appearance. It exhibited several prominent innovations, viz. : a cover with the emblematic white and blue, pages giving the results of academic prize contests, and a general summary of college events. Three long obituary notices were also included in the reading matter, and the whole was prefaced by an able

The board of editors of the "Columbiad" was made up of: Shaw, *Chairman* ; Henry, *Secretary* ; Allerton, Cheesman, Cornell, Harrower, and Reed.

Fully half of the "Columbiads" remained unsold on the hands of the Committee, which struggled under the debt till the close of Senior year, when it was finally liquidated

editorial from the editor, Mr. Shaw, and a graceful poem from Harrower.

For three years past every man in the class had declaimed monthly. The natural course of Horatius Cocles, Spartacus, and Antony they had run through like the measles, and though they "had it bad," they were rid of it in the course of time. At first under Mr. Quackenbos, and then under Professor Nairne, they had torn to tatters every passion of the human heart. The dreadful tale of Eugene Aram had chilled the class's marrow; the eloquence of Webster had swelled their hearts with patriotism; and the caperings of a comic speaker, who actually danced for the amusement of his audience, had plunged them into hysterics.

In Junior year, when it was required that the speeches should be original, there seemed at first to be a "corner" in subjects, for the first month's productions were nearly all entitled "College," or "College Life." The class's *repertoire* gradually increased, however, and, by the end of the year, '74's opinion had been vouchsafed upon nearly every topic, scientific, literary, and ethical. It must be remarked that a strong interest was excited in this department of the course by Professor Nairne's fostering care.

A Junior, one day, peering into one of the subterranean vaults of the college building, casually espied, looming up through the gloom, a gigantic plaster cast of some antediluvian. He departed noiselessly. A few nights after, iconoclasts made an entrance into the premises, blows of an axe

were heard through the darkness, and the next morning François might have been seen standing in speechless consternation before a monster of white, mounted on Professor Short's desk. The mystery was never solved, for the learned doctors, who hung in frames around the walls of the room (where they had been left by the late Dr. Anthon), could never be brought to disclose what they alone had seen.

The Goodwood Committee, with the energetic Loder at its head, succeeded, through influence with the weather bureau, in obtaining the promise of a fine sky for May 30th, so that on that evening the air was mild, and the calcium light flashed its brilliant sheen upon such a gathering of lovely forms and faces as was never seen before. Lander's musicians discoursed sweet strains, and, surrounded by his robed class-mates, and by

——— "scores of ladies, whose bright eyes"
"Reigned influence, and bestowed the prize,"

the cup of '74 was presented to Robert Clifford Cornell, the favorite of his class. Mr. Harrower made an admirable presentation speech—proving that poets can write prose, and that Pegasus can often work as well in harness as under the saddle. The recipient's reply was of similar merit, and, after hearty cheers for the heroes of the occasion, the music struck up, and, in less time than it is written, a hundred couples were whirling away in the mazes of the waltz. Till a late hour the music went on, and the buzzing couples passed and repassed

beneath the flashing lanterns; nor was it till the small hours of the morning that the crowds pouring into Fritz's showed that the last fair one had departed. Crowded into the temple of lager were one hundred and fifty thirsty souls, while, from two mighty kegs, they drew forth the foaming malt, and raised it on high for Cornell, who had scarcely time to open his mouth in acknowledgment, when the relentless Capt. Moore, of the University Crew, made a sudden descent upon the scene, and dragged off the unfortunate hero to the train for Harlem, where the oarsmen were quartered, and where early hours were fashionable. After this, everything went wrong. The songs degenerated into noise—the speeches into hoarseness; the beer, instead of flowing down throats, poured over the billiard table. So they issued forth from the scene of confusion, and marched forth into the street, arm in arm, extinguishing the gas-lights on the way, exciting the ire of the guardians of the public peace, and, by their howlings, rendering life a burden to the inhabitants of Fifth Avenue. The sounds gradually died away in the distance, the awakened citizens composed themselves again to slumber, and the Goodwood of '74 was a thing of the past.

The night previous to the Juniors' concluding examination in Latin, the Sophomores' Burial of the Ancient took place; and, amid the smoke and turmoil of that event, Drs. Gesenius

The Goodwood Committee, besides Loder, consisted of Henry, Aymé, Rapallo, Reed, Sands, and Storrs.

and Passow, dreading the tortures to which they must, on the morrow, behold their beloved classical tongue subjected, descended from their places in the Latin room, and managed to escape, not having been heard of since.

The Trustees' Greek prize of \$300 was awarded to Frank Drisler, and the merit of the second prize was attained by Mr. Henry—Mr. Cheesman receiving honorable mention. The six scholarships of \$100 each were also creditably competed for.

A month later, fully half of the class found itself reassembled at Springfield to back Columbia in her first struggle in the lists of boating. The crew, including Cornell and Rapallo from '74, had been selected early in the Spring, had trained steadily, under the guidance of Hawk Ward, of Hudson River fame, and was the first on the ground at Springfield. Rapallo's pluck in rowing the race with a back nearly broken in a recent collision with the Amherst boat; the encouraging position achieved in the race; the enthusiasm of the boys in white and blue, whose "C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A!" rang clear above the din, and encouraged the toiling crew, nearly a mile away; the enthusiasm of a favorite *prof*; the trials of the New Yorkers in getting where to rest their weary limbs, and wherewithal to cool their parched throats, unaccustomed to prohibition laws; and the righteous indignation of a veteran of '71, who, when

Mr. Engelhardt, of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, followed the race on horseback, and thus was the only person who saw the entire contest. He placed Columbia fourth. The official decision gave to Yale, Harvard, and Wesleyan, respectively, the first three places, the rest being uncertain.

a Connecticut minion of the law attempted to deprive him of a forlorn bottle, smote the offender forthwith, in the name of liberty and the State of New York—of which his father had been governor—and the prompt reinforcement which he received from the white and blue, the magenta, and the blue, from whose wrath the rash officer barely escaped with his life; and the general confusion which prevailed through the night—all these circumstances have been related over and over again, and are in every Columbian's memory. The next morning's headaches reminded the class that the time for soda-water and separation was come, and that Junior year was no more.

VOLUME IV.

SENIOR YEAR.

Ham.—Is not parchment made of *sheepskins*?

Hor.—Ay, my lord, and of calves'-skins too.

Ham.—They are sheep and calves too, which seek out assurance in that.

THE first day of Senior year the class gathered in chapel. The eye, running rapidly down the magnificent array, immediately missed McKinney's colossal form. He had left our ranks, and his grizzly beard was no more to bristle on the view of affrighted under-classmen. But a host of other beards had sprung up, and the class seemed rapidly assuming the countenance of a herd of "*hirci*." The class again appearing on Fifth Avenue in daily walk to and from college, society reassumed its usual aspect. Two members were reported engaged, and the inquiry meeting with no denial, the general judgment seemed to be that the offenders ought to be handicapped for the baby-cup. The choice between the elective

The required subjects of the course were—Economics, Astronomy, Physics (Lectures on Light and Sound), Geology, in first term, and Organic Chemistry in second. The election was between Latin and

courses of study offered to the Senior class was a matter of some difficulty. At length one-third bade a long farewell to the classical professors, each locking up his "Liddell & Scott," ranging his Anthon's text-books in a line upon a top shelf with each his faithful steed, and turning away for consolation to Helmholtz and Henry St. Clair Deville.

By a special permission Mr. Hinrichs was enabled to pursue studies during the year at the law school, in conjunction with his college course, and this he did with credit in both. It was soon known to the class that President Barnard, Professor Joy, and Mr. Johnson of '74, had been present at the late Vienna Exposition, which had thus attained a perfect success.

October 28th, the tenth annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences was opened at the college, the daily sessions being witnessed with interest by many of the class.

Higher Physics, Greek and Calculus, Higher Chemistry and Psychology. It was a matter of much regret that the latter subject, so necessary to a complete college education, should have been placed in contra-position to another subject, instead of being enjoined upon the whole class.

The distribution of the class among the elective branches was as follows, viz. :

{	Latin	15
{	Physics.....	10
{	Greek.....	14
{	Calculus.....	11
{	Chemistry.....	8
{	Psychology.....	17

At the close of the first term the class was feasted by '76, its *protegé*, at Fritz's.

Towards the end of the month Mr. Cheesman was elevated to the office of President of the Senior Class, a position which he has filled with ability and dignity,—he has accepted no gifts, and he has vetoed no bills.

The retiring board of editors of the college periodical, the "Cap and Gown," had taken steps to enlarge the scope of that paper, and to unite the co-operation of the School of Mines. The class had for three years faithfully championed the late organ, had smiled at "a Summer's Boating," had shed tears with henpecked Henry VIII., and had waxed warm in the tilt about "Class Politics." Mr. Kobbé succeeded to the editorship, and, in November, the first number of the new edition made its appearance. The improvement was obvious, and yet the change was dearly bought by the sacrifice of a name which had long pointed out Columbia as the only college where academic robes were still in vogue. Diplomatic considerations, however, seem to have rendered the change of title necessary, as the new scientific editors could not, it appears, swallow such a scholastic dose as the name "Cap and Gown" implied, and yet, strange to say, they were not choked by such a classical mouthful as "Acta Columbiana."

The twenty obtained a victory in foot-ball over Stevens,

The editorial staff of the college paper had included, from the class, during the course, the following names, viz.:

Harrower, 1872, 1873, 1874.

Hinrichs, 1872, 1873.

Kobbé, 1874.

Loder, 1874.

Reed, 1873.

Storrs, 1874.

and also went again to encounter Rutgers. An alarm of fire happened to be sounding upon the arrival of Columbia at New Brunswick, and a dash was made for the lines of a "merscheen," which was soon rattling around the city at a perilous rate, and was finally returned to its shelter without having contributed to the extinguishing of the fire. The twenty suffered a defeat on this occasion, but soon met their antagonists again on the St. George cricket grounds, and, in a hard-fought contest, defeated them with a score of four to three.

It was with complicated feelings that the class, on entering the Physical lecture-room early in the term, beheld one-half of the seats in the possession of a force of young ladies, armed with note-books, and commanded by a stern chaperon. The thought of co-education came over their sinking hearts as they realized the scene before them, and they were filled with dismay. What a relief it was to learn at length that the fair invaders were not matriculated students, but invited guests of the lecturer. Thenceforth perfect harmony reigned. The glee-club took to discoursing serenades in the lobby, stunning neck-ties flashed daily from the class's shirt-fronts, and Professor Rood himself grew less stern, even his dreaded

During the four years the following of the class had acted on foot-ball twenties in matches with other colleges, viz.:

Cornell.....	8 times.	Kobbé.....	4 times.
Rapallo and Reed.....	3 times.		
Allerton, Cheesman, Lacey, and Shaw....	once.		

formulas seeming to embrace more *constants* and fewer *variables* than formerly. Upon the departure of our fair fellow-students in May, a gloom seemed to settle over the lecture-room.

In November, Mr. Rapallo was elected President of the Boat Club, and Mr. Kobbé was chosen to represent the class in the committee of the Rowing Association, and, in January, a delegation was sent to the boating convention. About a dozen men were soon at work at gymnasium, hundred-pound dumbbells became "trifles light as air," and a muscular member of the class donned the cestus and smote an opponent "hip and thigh" at a public exhibition of amateur skill.

Before the end of the first term, a new "Acta" appeared on the scene, a libelous sheet, entitled the "Facta Columbinaria," which affected to parody the regular publication, and, like the letters of Junius, surrounded itself with a shroud of mystery, its authorship being successfully concealed. By its satire and wit the little sheet produced a great sensation in the college world.

The Semi-Annual of '74 was well attended, and its ceremonies well rendered. Mr. Aldrich was at the head of the management, and Mr. Rapallo grand marshal. So well had the disposal of boxes been planned, that the class—in revenge, perhaps, for its sufferings in Sophomore year—acquired a

Besides the chairman, the Committee of Semi-Annual included Allerton, Cheesman, Foster, Henry, and Johnson.

considerable sum from their sale, besides appropriating the choicest for private use—one official obtaining, through his several functions, five different boxes. Much amusement was caused, during the evening, by the discovery of a large number of mock programmes scattered among the genuine, and the authors of this practical joke were sought in vain.

In March, a mass-meeting of the College considered favorably a scheme, originated at Williams and Princeton, for holding annual intercollegiate contests in literary and oratorical exercises, and sent a delegation—Cheesman, Harrower, and Kobbé—to a convention to arrange for that object. The convention met at Hartford, and appointed January, 1875, for the proposed contest.

The interest taken in astronomy by the class was much due to the aid afforded by the modest observatory which had been established during the previous year and supplied with serviceable apparatus. Every clear evening found a little party

The speakers from the class at Semi-Annual, for the past four years, had been—

Cheesman, 1874.

Drisler, 1874.

Harrower, 1874.

Hinrichs, 1871, 1872.

Lacey, 1872.

Kobbé, 1871, 1873, 1874.

McKinney, 1873.

President Barnard addressed a students' meeting upon the subject of the Literary Association, and warmly advocated it.

The telescope was made by Alvan Clark, and had an aperture of five inches, with a focal length of six feet. The spectroscope annexed was made by Young, and was of extraordinary power. The observatory also contained a transit instrument.

assembled under the dome, with Mr. Waldo ; and recourse was had thither occasionally, during Professor Peck's lectures, for observation of the solar spots. In spite of the great liberties often taken in the class-room, and notwithstanding that a learned member once insisted that longitude was distance east or west from the equator (the gentleman lived in Jersey, where they say curious phenomena *do* occur), the said professor preserved an admirable patience. But once or twice did his voice drop to that peculiar whisper, whose boding the class knew and dreaded. A certain member left college before the term's ending to act as a photographic assistant to the expedition sent to observe the transit of Venus. The event excited much comment, and the class lost a man of great *promise*, and one expected to occupy a conspicuous position at graduation.

In the course of Geology, with Professor Joy, the class visited the collections in the School of Mines, and also examined the strike and dip of the strata on Fiftieth Street. Our scientific labors there were evidently unappreciated ; for a little girl, as we passed, interrupted her labor of poking over an ash-barrel, to exclaim, in a hushed voice, to her ragged companion : " Sure, Katie, it's *dimans* they're lookin' for ! "

In organic chemistry, the professor opened upon us with grape, and concluded his course by the exhibition to the horrified class of several jars containing adipocere obtained from

Mr. Buckley presented to Prof. Peck an excellent photograph of the observatory, the photograph being the production of his own amateur skill.

corpses in the old *potter's field* (!) The members of the chemical section experimented (aided by their classmate, Mr. Meyer) in photography, and executed several groups and portraits. They were also shown the Betoncoignet stone employed in the neighboring cathedral; and, while inspecting it, ascended to the summit of the building, where the president, in the name of the class, laid a brick—that is, *another* brick—and rammed it to its place with a trowel.

In April, the Alumni association revived the almost forgotten custom of holding an annual supper. The university crew of '73 received special invitations, and were publicly decorated as Columbia's first aquatic champions. The proceedings evinced a thorough re-awakening of the Alumni to the interests of Alma Mater.

During alterations of the college buildings, commenced in April, a pile of old lumber was unearthed, and, after lying about the court-yard for a couple of weeks, was carted off. No sooner had it disappeared, than some of the class discovered that it was the wood of the famous Hamilton sycamore,

When Dr. Myles Cooper, the second President of Kings College, in 1775, was threatened with lynching, on account of his Tory principles, a mob, bent on that purpose, passed the college, on the way to their victim's home on the banks of the Hudson. Hamilton, then a student at the college, divining their purpose, succeeded, by an eloquent harangue, in diverting their attention until the obnoxious doctor was enabled to beat a retreat, in his scanty bed-attire, to a ship in the Hudson. The tree which overshadowed the young orator in this his maiden speech, was the identical one whose remains so interested the class.

rescued from the old premises on Park Place. The fact being imparted to the class, in Professor Joy's room, the lecture was kindly suspended while a windy debate was held on the subject, and a committee was dispatched to bring back the sycamore. But the lecture was finally resumed, the committee was never discharged, and the Hamilton sycamore never returned to its lamenting friends.

Early in May, the graduation essays were handed in, and the class felt that the end was approaching.

Philolexia, the only literary society then in college, had received but feeble support for the past two years, and was struggling on almost without hope. In May, however, she

The following members of the class had taken prizes in the Philolexian Society, viz.:

Cheesman.....	Second Prize, Oration, 1873.
Hinrichs.....	Second Prize, Oration, 1872.
Kobbé.....	{ First Prize, Oration 1872, 1873, 1874.
	{ Second Prize, Debate, 1873.
	{ First Prize, Debate, 1874.
Mackenzie.....	Third Prize, Oration, 1872.
Reed.....	First Prize, Essay, 1874.

Those who had delivered speeches at the anniversaries of the Society at the Academy of Music were:

Tenney.....	1872.
Cheesman	} 1873.
Kobbé	
Reed	
Shaw	

made a violent effort and held her annual prize exercises, all the first premiums being carried off by members of the class.

On the 4th of May the class arranged for its graduating exercises, and also met to witness a duel which had been promised between two prominent members. What was the disappointment when, instead of ten paces and an ounce of lead, a letter from one of the principals was read, publicly explaining the offense, and the tragedy collapsed. Dr. Barnard, by earnest exhortation, succeeded in procuring the class's attendance in chapel during the last week. It was with much pleasure that the place was found to be quite unchanged, and Dr. Duffie was found still in his old chair.

Wednesday before cram-week the class elected, from three nominations by the faculty, George Forrest Butterworth to the prize for the "most faithful and deserving student of the graduating class," and never was a vote more heartily bestowed; for if unswerving fidelity to work, unerring regularity in college duties, and high mental endowments ever entitled a man to reward, they did so in this case. Not only did the record show him head of his class for the four years past, but also the roll showed that he had never been absent, or even late, at a single college exercise since the day of matriculation, and, with this unparalleled score, he had not been found wanting when demanded in the lighter occupations of student life, having appeared as a competitor in athletic sports, and as a wit at social reunions.

The class entered Prof. Joy's room for the last recitation

looking rather blue. The kind professor, observing this, declared that from his experience of students he should hardly expect a prepared recitation on such an occasion (brightened looks), and that he should, with the class's permission, pass the hour in presenting briefly a sketch of his experience of German student life (vociferous applause and cries of "Hear!" "Hear!"). The professor then launched forth. Without attempting to give even an epitome of his words, suffice it to say that they were most interesting and entertaining. With some words of excellent advice he closed, and with wild enthusiasm the class cheered Professor Joy, and in another moment was gone, the memorial plate of glass in the window being all that remained of '74. The class immediately assembled on the college steps under the great '74 on the wall, and was photographed by Alman, Mr. Loder superintending the work.

Failing to obtain a release from duties on Friday, the last day, and fears of "getting over their quarter" deterring many from joining in an organized slope, two hours were dragged through, and liberty was obtained for the third. Thereupon, "*ut mos est*," the professors were cheered in turn, Mr. Weeks was shouldered and rushed through the hall, and the class finally adjourned to chapel and executed a war-dance to the music of the organ. The same afternoon the Athletic Association inaugurated its sports with a scrub-race and tub-

The photographs for class albums were taken by Kurtz.

race at Harlem, and on Saturday of cram-week the regular games were held at Hoboken.

During the next two weeks the pass and honor examinations were held, and, on Monday, June 8th, the dark cloud cleared away, and the class assembled on the scene of its late torments and found it transformed into a paradise of beauty and pleasure. The class assembled on its Class-day to hear its deeds recounted, eulogized, and sung, and to pay its last tribute to Alma Mater.

The musicians being behind time in arriving, the exercises were opened by the "Reading of the History," followed by Mr. Cornell's oration, and Mr. Kobbé's poem, which latter excited tumultuous applause. Songs composed for the occasion were sung between the exercises; the class seated itself in a ring on the grass, and, amidst much merriment, the pipe went round the magic circle. Then the memorial plate was nailed to one of the old elms by Mr. Thompson, the Grand Marshal, and a parting song was sung, after which the class dispersed to do the honors of the occasion to their kind friends. A few days later the results of the honor examinations were announced, and, on June 24th, the 120th Commencement of the College

The committee in charge of Class-day consisted of:

Johnson, *Chairman*.

Cheesman,	Cornell,
Henry,	Humphreys,
Meyer,	Sands,
Storrs,	Thompson.

was held at the Academy of Music, and '74 performed its graduating exercises before a fuller house than usual at commencements late in June. Mr. Butterworth delivered the Greek salutatory; and the Latin oration assigned to Mr. Hinrichs being omitted, English orations were declaimed. The honor classes showed a larger percentage of names than had been

In June, 1873, the Society of Phi Beta Kappa elected, as the three students who had stood best in class for the past three years:

Butterworth, Hinrichs, and Sands.

In February, 1874, as the three who, besides the foregoing three, had shown the best record so far during the course, were elected,

Loder, Reed, and Thompson.

And, in June, 1874, as the two who, besides the foregoing six, had the best record for the whole course, were elected,

... Kennedy and Drisler.

The following had taken prize scholarships during the course, viz.:

Butterworth	{	Soph. Schol. in Classics (reg.).	<i>Junior Schol. Mechanics</i>
	{	Soph. " Mathematics (reg.).	
Drisler	{	Soph. " Classics (extra).	
	{	Junior " Greek.	
Henry	Junior	" Latin.	
Kennedy	Junior	" Logic and English Literature.	
Meyer	Junior	" Chemistry.	
Reed	{	Soph. " Mathematics (extra).	
	{	Junior " Physics.	

The fellowships offered for competition in the Senior Year received no candidates.

known for many years before. The prize for the best English essay—the subject assigned being “Culture demanded by Modern Life”—was awarded to Mr. Harrower, with many encomiums upon the merit of his work. The second prize was given to Mr. Hinrichs, ^{Mr. Kapallo} and Mr. Storrs received honorable mention. Various announcements were made. The president advanced in his red gown and presented twenty-six sheepskins—with not a single “sp. gr.”—and ’74 was numbered

The English Orations at Commencement, were as follows :

Popular Indifference to the Exercise of Suffrage..	Sands.
The Anglo-Saxon.....	Drisler.
Practical Thinkers.....	Loder.
The Necessity of Speculative Minds.....	Kennedy.
The Influence of Grecian Art upon Roman Civilization	Reed.
Rapid Transit.....	Aldrich.
Intellectual Junkshops	Humphreys.
Competitive Examinations.....	Shaw.
Choice of a Profession.....	Meyer (excused).
Wonders of the World	Storrs.
Classics vs. Science	Thompson (excused.)
Valedictory.....	Kobbé.

The first honor class, numbering all those having obtained over 97 per cent. at the honor examination, consisted of Butterworth, Hinrichs, Sands, and Drisler.

The second honor class, above 90 per cent., Loder, Kennedy and Reed.

The third honor class, above 79 per cent. Aldrich, Humphreys, Shaw, Meyer, Thompson, Storrs and Kobbé.

with the alumni. Twenty-five A.B.'s—one member of the class was absent—then descended from the stage and silently seated themselves nigh, while Mr. Kobbé, the classmate chosen for the purpose, advanced to the front of the stage, and, in words of eloquence and pathos, pronounced to friends, trustees, president, officers, and finally to classmates, a solemn farewell.

Most of the class met later in the day at an entertainment given by their classmate Drisler; and in the evening a small party of the class gathered at Delmonico's to celebrate the traditional graduating supper. After waiting in vain for absentees, the little council felt itself tacitly authorized to take the usual steps for the perpetuation of the class's unity. With this view Mr. Cheesman was declared president of the class for life. A yearly reunion was appointed to occur on each Washington's birth-day. Measures were taken for the publication of the class's history, and a committee was appointed to present a silver cup to the first male child born in matrimony to any member of the class.

The class supper committee was—Allerton, Cheesman, and Reed.

The baby cup committee was—Cornell and Rapallo.

The roll of the graduating class was as follows, viz.:

Spencer Aldrich,	William Warner Johnson,
Walter Scott Allerton,	George Kennedy,
Charles Ramsey Buckley,	George Christian Kobbé,
George Forrest Butterworth,	Albert Jared Loder,

Early in the year the university crew had been organized, and had been trained in the principles of the Cambridge stroke by Mr. Rives, an ex-member of Columbia and a graduate of Cambridge, England; '74 contributed Cornell and Rapallo, the starboard stroke and the port-waist, as in the previous year.

The crew, the first on the ground, established itself at Farmer Engrem's on Saratoga Lake, early in June. On July 18th, after two tedious postponements from day to day, the race was finally started at ten A. M. The excited thousands at the finish saw the white and blue shoot up the signal staff, and after a few breathless moments the flashing oars drew in sight, with the white and blue still at the staff-head. A minute later and Columbia glided before the eyes of the multitude, her crew's bronzed backs swinging forward and backward like clock-work, and her oar-blades cleanly cutting the clear lake, while her keen bow flashed along and crossed the finish-line three lengths ahead of the second crew. What need to describe the scene of wild exultation

Timothy Matlack Cheesman, Jr.,
Robert Clifford Cornell,
Frank Drisler,
John Hone Foster,
Pierre Pascal Harrower,
Selden T. Scranton Henry,
Frederic William Hinrichs,
Jay Humphreys,

Alfred Meyer,
Edward Sumner Rapallo,
Sylvanus Albert Reed,
Benjamin Aymar Sands,
Henry Townsend Scudder,
Frank Dunlap Shaw,
Frank Storrs,
Thomas De Witt Thompson.

which followed. Such moments of triumph seldom fall to one's lot. By official judgment Columbia had won the inter-collegiate regatta of '74, defeating the picked crews of eleven of the representative colleges of the country, and making the best time on record for six-oared crews,—16 min. 42 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec. From that moment till the crew's arrival in New York, which roused herself in metropolitan pride to receive her heroes, their course was a continual ovation of triumph. An excited throng of Columbian graduates and undergraduates took the horses from a carriage, and, placing the victors in it, escorted them up Fifth Avenue to receive the public congratulations of their president and fellow-students.

The event promised to establish boating on a sound basis, and also to do much towards reawakening an interest in the college, and the Historian may with justice claim this achievement, happening in '74's graduating year and under her immediate auspices, as a proper climax to her eventful career.

The order of boats crossing the finish was as follows:

Columbia, Wesleyan, Harvard, Williams, Dartmouth, Cornell, Trinity, Princeton. Yale fouled and fell out of the race.

CONCLUSION.

The events of the class's history for four years having been recorded deed for deed, a few statistics follow, conformably to a musty old custom, to whose authority, curbing our passion for originality, we humbly bow.

On June 24th, 1870, between forty and fifty youths applied for admission into the class of 1874 of Columbia College. A few passed without condition, and thirty-four matriculated on the 10th of October following, one more being added during the year. The average age at matriculation was between seventeen and eighteen years, being the usual average age of classes entering Columbia College. The oldest was nineteen years of age, the youngest fifteen. Twenty-three were residents of New York, six of Brooklyn, one of Jersey City, one of Astoria, one of Morrisania, one of Westchester, and one of Staten Island. Twelve were sons or brothers of alumni of Columbia.

At the beginning of Sophomore year, eight of the old class were missing and five additions had been made, bringing the number to thirty-two. At the beginning of Junior year the class numbered twenty-eight, four more having left and none having been added. At the beginning of Senior year the class

had lost three more and it numbered twenty-five; one left before the end of the year, giving the roll at graduation, twenty-four. The total number of men who have at any time been members of the class, is forty-one.

At graduation also the oldest man was twenty-three, the youngest nineteen; the eldest would have been McKinney, if he had remained, at twenty-nine years. Six were blondes, eighteen were brunettes. The average height of the class was five feet nine $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.* The tallest man, Butterworth, was six feet one inch, and the shortest man, Meyer, was five feet four $\frac{3}{8}$ inches. The average gain in height, since matriculation, was one $\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The heaviest weight in the class was Cornell, who turned the scale at 190 lbs.; the lightest weight is 120 lbs.—five men being bracketed for this distinction. The average weight was 141 $\frac{1}{3}$ lbs., the average gain in weight for the four years being about nine pounds. To be sure we lost *Waite* at the end of Sophomore year, but we gained a *Loder*, which was ample compensation.

At the opening of the class's course, but five of the (present) class indulged habitually in the noxious weed. On graduating, twelve of the twenty-four were regular smokers, and at least one-half of that number had been long addicted to the habit of preparing their cigarettes in the class-room to

* So that if strung together into a cord, each holding to the other's feet, the cord, to vibrate to the fundamental note ut_2 , would, according to Rood's formula,

$$n = r \cdot \frac{1}{\pi} \sqrt{\frac{g \cdot s}{\pi, \varphi}}, \text{ require a stretching weight of one ton 250 lbs.}$$

smoke at the end of the hour, in defiance of the solemn prohibitory statute. Seven have been devotees of the cue, and as many more have been occasional gamblers on the green. Billiard tournaments with other classes have been frequent, and in these '74 has played the man.

At the beginning of Freshman year, with a single exception, the class's physiognomy was not defaced by a single hair. At the end of Sophomore year, six upper lips had answered the prayers of their owners, and five pairs of cheeks had brought forth a kindly harvest. At the end of Junior year, thirteen of the class were decidedly hirsute, and at graduation, as a token of the result of patient nursing, one-half of the class stood forth "bearded like the pard," one-half of the remainder being deterred from assuming the same character merely by vanity or prejudice. As to the remaining quarter of the class—let us drop a tear and pass on.

A favorite cavil of Columbia's enemies has been that her system is sectarian. Let the following figures speak for themselves. Out of twenty-four, one of the class at graduating was of the Jewish persuasion, one a member of the Christian Church communion, one a Congregationalist, two were Methodists, three Unitarians, three Presbyterians, four Dutch Reformed, and nine were Episcopalians, six of that number being communicants. About two-thirds, therefore, of the class were of other denominations than that which the college charter specially recognizes. In respect of politics protection has had no chance whatever with the class, in the face of Pro-

fessor Nairne's convincing economical arguments for free trade.

Careful inquiry as to the intended pursuit of each member revealed an astonishing fact. No less than two-thirds of the class intended to be lawyers, and with that view expected to enter the Columbia Law School in October; two proposed to devote themselves to medicine, two to science, three to commercial pursuits, one to study in Germany, one intended going west. Of the class twenty were members of secret societies, and four were "neutrals."

While college classes bear to each other naturally a strong generic resemblance, there exists notwithstanding for each a strong individuality. '74, while indulging in some irregularities, as reference to foregoing pages will show, has always retained the good-will of president and faculty, and that good-will has ever been cordially reciprocated. When Professor Drisler recovered from a dangerous illness during Sophomore year, a leave of absence was urged upon him by the board, but steadily declined. He did not hesitate to tell the class that no other motive but his affection for the members of '74 had induced him to continue his duties till the remainder of the year. Instances of a similar regard expressed for the class by professors might be multiplied, but modesty forbids.

The unusually high standard of scholarship steadily maintained has been owing rather to native talent, than to mere digging. In the literary societies of the college one-half of the prizes for four years have been taken by members of the

class, and in athletic sports the record shows a proper share of '74's names. The class has endeavored, from the beginning, to fulfill its mission in college and to cherish every tradition of its Alma Mater. It left with boating at last firmly established ; success in foot-ball at last reached ; athletic games improved and popularized ; an English essay prize established at its own petition, and the college paper elevated by the exertions of certain of the class's members to a rank equaled by the Yale, Harvard, and Williams papers alone. A striking trait of the class's disposition has been its fondness for a joke. For four years an opening for a pun has never in a single instance been lost. Never before was a class afflicted with such a predisposition to laugh. Let an occurrence possess but a shadow of humor and a roar was sure to ensue ; let an unlucky professor or classmate make the smallest slip, and no mercy could be expected, and many a lecture has been delivered under a cross-fire of squibs and puns, often passing the limits of the audible.

The work accomplished by the class can be estimated, but the sum of pleasure laid up in the experience of four years is incapable of the Historian's measurement. He cannot recount the friendships formed, nor can he speak of those secret ties which have bound kindred hearts with the real strength of brotherhood—those mysterious orders, to advance whose interests the most precious efforts of nearly every member of the class, each in his own circle, have for four years been not unworthily devoted, and whose influence upon the life and

character of their members has been incalculable. But he *can* speak of the real affection for their class, of the true *esprit de corps*, of the honest, gentlemanly conduct and of the honor which have prevailed throughout, which differences have not effaced, and which strife has but served to bring into strong relief. He can say finally, like HAMLET—

“ This was a *class*, take it for all in all,—
I shall not look upon the like again.”

CLASS SONGS SUNG AT CLASS-DAY.



CLASS SONG—SEVENTY-FOUR.

BY F. D. SHAW.

Air—SEVEN UP.

I.

FOUR years ago we came up to Columbia,
And, as jolly, gay and emerald Freshies “passed.”
We were crammed with many Greek and Latin authors,
And a fund of useless learning had amassed.
But at length th’ examination’s dread ordeal
By labor infinite was safely o’er ;
And, with papers “alphabeted” by professors,
We were formed into the class of Seventy-four.

CHORUS.

Seventy-four ! Seventy-four !
Oh, three rousing cheers for good old Seventy-four.

II.

As Freshies first we had to thrash the Sophomores,
And beavers tall we sported all the year ;
We swallowed all th' antiquities of Rome, sir,
As well as history and lager-bier.
Then as Sophomores, we felt our proud position,
And, I fear, in evil pranks were often seen,
We learned to "slope," and "cut," and "bone," and "flunk," sir ;
As well as gamboling on the college green.

Chorus.

III.

As Juniors next we scorned all under-classmen,
Their raging brawls we voted quite a bore ;
We studied Plato, Juvenal and physics,
Logic, chemistry, mechanics and much more.
But, Seniors now, farewell to Alma Mater!
Then all beakers fill—the cheering beer forth pour,
With all his heart let each one pledge the motto,—
"Columbia and the Class of '74 !"

Chorus.

SMOKING SONG.

ADAPTED BY F. D. SHAW.

Air—SON OF A GAMBOЛИER.

I.

FOUR years, with all their varied scenes,
Have sped their rapid flight,
And fast our College joys and toils
Are vanishing from sight ;
Soon round them will dim distance throw
Its sanctifying veil,
But never will they be forgot
Till memory shall fail.

CHORUS.

Then, classmates, pass the pipe along,
Loud let the chorus swell :
And may to each this happy day
A bright career foretell.
Our College life is of the past,
Its pleasures are no more :
No more shall Alma Mater shield
Her sons of Seventy-four.

II.

We came to old Columbia
In mingled hope and fear ;
We grasped the key, the door unlocked
That led to Freshman year :
Her stately portals opened wide,
We marched triumphant through,
When lo ! her choicest treasure lay
Uncovered to the view.

Chorus.

III.

The Sophomore's grand and lofty pride
We, each of us, have shared ;
To dig in Learning's deepest mines,
As seniors we have dared—
Alas, the good old Senior year
Is all too quickly o'er ;
No more shall its calm joys delight
The hearts of Seventy-four.

Chorus.

IV.

But let not grief, with sable hues,
Dim Class-day's pleasures bright ;
Let mirth with its gay sparkling beam
Suffuse them with its light !
And, when in manhood's checkered course
These memories grow dear,
May each one's name thrice hallowed be
That smoked the Class-pipe here !

Chorus.

PARTING SONG.

BY P. P. HARROWER.

Air—MY LAST CIGAR.

I.

MORE swift than summer clouds fly by,
With sailing speed afar ;
And range along the lowest sky
In many a broken bar ;
More swift than they, upon their race,
Have flown our College years ;
Strangers we met upon the place
Where now we part in tears.

II.

The trees are robed in youngest green,
The winds are fresh and sweet,
And over many a happy scene
The long-flung shadows meet.
We first came when the leaves were old,
In the careless autumn days :
No more we'll toss October's gold
On fair Columbia's ways.

III.

We pass into another life,
To the contest all must know ;
Around us draws the unknown strife,
With sounds above, below.
Let's swear we here, with purpose true,
By the days that are of yore,
We'll ever faithful be, and true
To the hearts of Seventy-four.

IV.

Then bravely think of what is past,
Here, in this sacred hour,
Of days that were too fair to last,
And times of mystic power,
But we hail the future with a smile,
And, be it small or great,
We'll stand as men, whate'er beguile,
" With hearts for any fate."

V.

What, though, with many a magic wove,
The years shall work their spell,
Yet will we cling with deathless love
To the days we know so well.
This be our parting " Gloria,"
For ever, evermore—
'Three cheers for fair Columbia,
And the hearts of Seventy-four.

CLASS POEM.

BY GEORGE C. KOBBE.

Oh! Muse, I bid thee look with pitying eye,
Upon thy humble bard, who fain would know
What hidden springs in some men's bosoms lie,
Whence most poetic waters ebb and flow?
I do not want for heroes brave and strong,
Of heroines I do not stand in need,
The poem, too, should not be very long,
Its length, forsooth, by custom is decreed;
But oh! I've called so often on thy name,
And bade thee fill my soul with lofty rhyme,
And my appeal so oft has been in vain,
That I despair of rousing thee this time;
Yet *no!* upon thy name I call once more,
And thou *must* hear—my theme is '74.

Of all the classes that have entered college,
Since our honored Barnard first held sway,
No class has e'er surpassed in general knowledge,
Our dear old '74, professors say.
And though there may have been, in former ages,
When Alma Mater still was in her youth,
Some classes equal to our class of sages,
We know that those professors speak the truth.

And though our learning be, indeed, astounding
 (In this respect we've merited all praise),
We, too, have had our shares of joys surrounding
 The graver duties of our college days ;
But never once have we neglected duty,
 For pleasure's charming and alluring smile,
But oft refused to yield consent to beauty,
 That bade us linger from our tasks awhile.
Not one of us has ever missed an hour,
 Of all the hours in these four long years,
Nor was this due to mighty Barnard's power,
 Nor yet to any weak and childish fears ;
But to our love for what is right 'twas owing,
 And to that knowledge in each student's breast,
That all the good that comes to man is flowing,
 From this world's sons who strive to do their best.
Nay more ; not once have we been late at college,
 Nor missed a chapel, deeming it, in sooth, '
A mighty acquisition to our knowledge,
 To learn a little that we knew was truth ;
For you must know, kind friends, in college training,
 We dare not eat of ordinary food,
But take as truth things which don't bear explaining,
 Like certain curious *facts* we've learned from Rood ;
Indeed, if some of you will take the trouble,
 To study up the wondrous laws of light,
You'll learn ere long that many men see double.
 And that too after twelve o'clock at night ;
And furthermore, it soon will be apparent,
 That color is no quality at all,
And that most men and women are transparent,
 And that all things look large—which are not small.

But I am wandering from my first intention,
Of eulogizing gallant '74.
I pray you, then, lend me your strict attention,
I'll tell you wonders never dreamed before ;
The breasts of most men in this seat of learning
Are filled with what is grandly styled ambition,
And, therefore, owing to this inward yearning,
There has arisen secret coalition ;
They pledge themselves to vote for one another,
In choosing men to represent their class,
The secret-order men prefer a brother,
Though that same brother may be oft, alas !
Unfit, indeed, to rule at earnest meetings,
With lungs too weak to make his speeches heard,
Not suited to extend guests kindly greetings ;
Not bright enough to improvise a word ;
Not gifted with the true poetic spirit,
As must be most apparent at this time
(Of course I'm very sure this poem has merit,
I only put that in to make the rhyme),
On which account this state of things arises,
That often, in our grandest exhibitions,
The lack of talent very much surprises
Those people who know nought of coalitions ;
But we have been averse to party spirit,
And *we* have sought, in making our selections,
To honor those alone who honors merit,
And to whose talents none could raise objections—
And now I feel that I have said sufficient,
To prove that our renown will ever last,
And that our deeds have been quite as efficient,
As those of any students in the past.

A stands for *Aldrich*, the first—on the list,
Who has oft flunked in lessons, but at billiards ne'er missed ;
And A is for *Allerton*, so full of fun,
That he cannot recite without making a pun ;
And A stands for *Ayme*, our great ladies' man,
Who, to gaze upon Venus, has left for Japan.
But B is for *Buckley*, so handsome a boy,
That he takes his own picture, and does not take Joy ;
And B stands for *Butterworth*, our great head :
And C is for *Cheesman*, who's very well-read ;
C stands for *Cornell*, an impetuous creature,
And, as Harrower says, a complete child of nature.
And D is for *Drisler*, bearded and wise,
On the strength of his name, he took off the Greek prize.
And F is for *Foster*, who will go on the stage,
And to sing as first tenor will shortly engage.
But H stands for *Harrower*, poet sublime,
Not contented with one, he's engaged to all *nine* ;
And H is for *Henry*, who slipped up with Rood,
And told laughing Peck this was *North Longitude*.
But H stands for *Hinrichs*, that deep-thinking youth,
Who rejects all the dogmas and seeks his own truth ;
And H is for *Humphreys* ; whene'er you are ill,
If you'll call upon Humphreys, he'll give you a pill.
And J is for *Johnson*, '74's greatest swell,
He's a jolly good fellow, and is always dressed well.
But K stands for *Kennedy*, metaphysician,
He's become a deep thinker under dear Nairne's tuition ;
K stands for *myself*, by this time you all know it,
That whatever I am, I at least am no poet.
But L is for *Loder*, we think it a pity
That they did not put Loder on the class-day committee.

M stands for *McKinney*, whose absence we mourn,
We must use Rood's equations to find out where he's gone ;
And M is for *Meyer*, our cheekiest man,
Who came very near falling out with good Nairne.
R stands for *Rapallo*, the size of whose paw,
Is inversely proportioned to the length of the oar ;
And R stands for *Reed*, so proficient in science,
That he sets all the theories of Rood at defiance.
But S is for *Sands*, who sits third in the class,
He's tried hard, but in vain, number two to surpass ;
And S is for *Scudder* ; we regretted to find,
On consulting our picture, that Scudder was blind ;
And S is for *Shaw*, who can always depend
Upon having VanNostrand a firm attached friend ;
And S is for *Storrs*, who is so tender-hearted,
'That he shed bitter tears when from Rood he was parted.
And T stands for *Thompson*, who was beaten with Peek,
Though most of us thought that he'd win by a neck.

Go forth, proud class, my fond eyes glisten,
And tears my parting words will grace,
But as you go, I bid you listen
To these last words on Time and Space.

(From the German.)

TIME.

Threefold is the pace of Tide:

Loit'ring comes the Future with slow paces;

Swift away the Present chases;

Fix'd forever shall the Past abide.

No impatience shall be winging Time,

When he somewhere delays;

Neither doubts, nor fright fast clinging,

Stop his flight when on his ways;

No regret, no spell will ever

Move the fix'd, he shall not sever.

If you wish that wisdom's graces

May attend through life your paces,

Take the Future's great advice,

Yet in deeds his sloth despise;

Do not make the Present *friend*,

Do not make the Past your *fiend*.

SPACE.

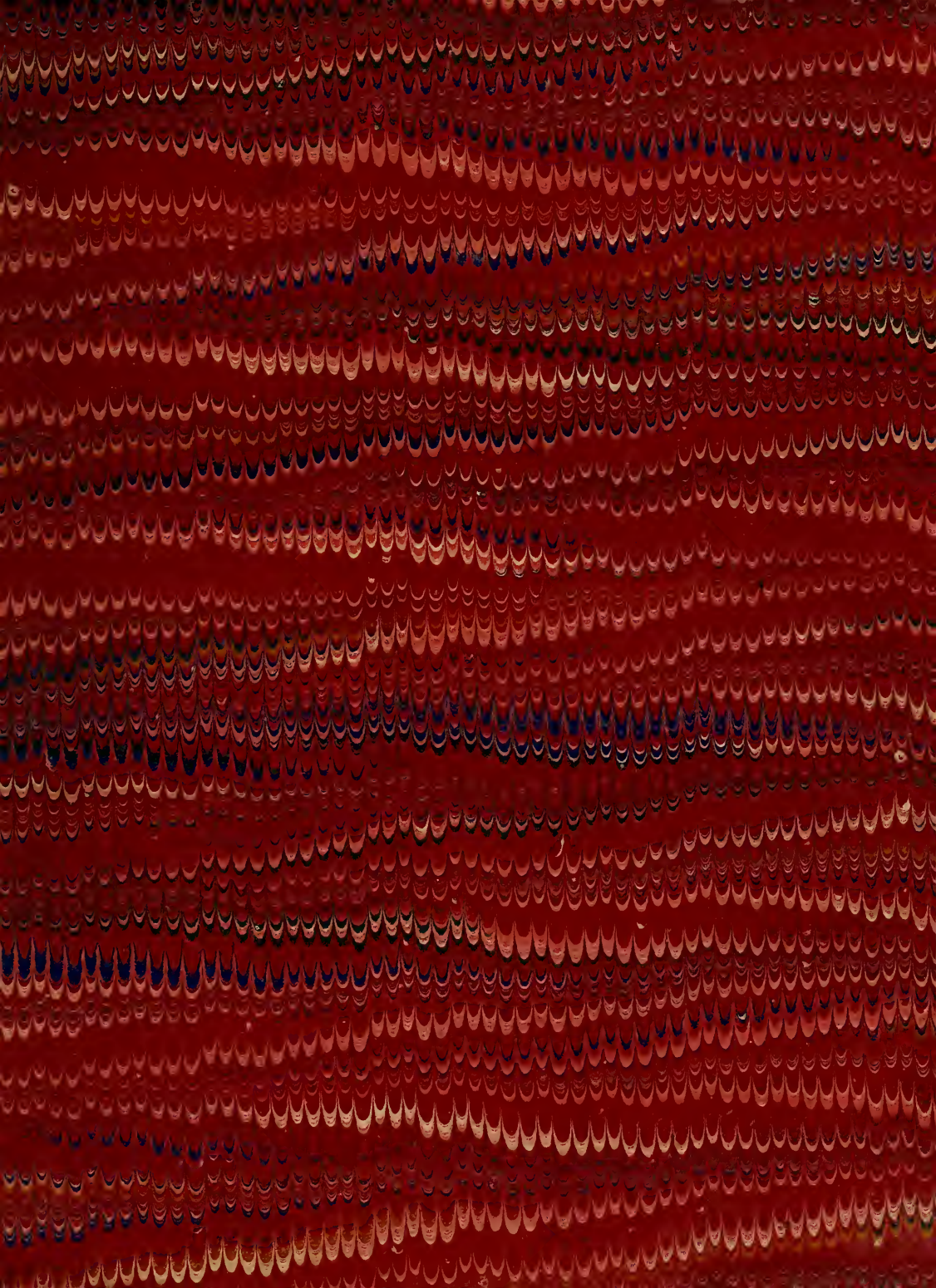
Three dimensions are in space :
Forth with unremitting pace
Runs its length ; so widely spreading
Forth its breadth's extent is leading ;
Endless plunging sinks its depth.

Profit by this image given :
Ever be thou onward driven,
Never slack, nor stop to rest,
If thou wilt perfection taste !
Wide and large thyself unfolding,
Thou shalt be the world beholding ;
To the depths thou must be diving,
If thou'lt see the spirit living.

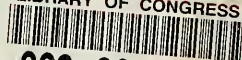
Perseverance gains the end ;
Clearness shows the mind's expansion ;
In the depths is truth's great mansion.

While this volume was in press, notice appeared of the death, on Oct. 20th, of Blaize Harsell Journeay, who was a member of the class of '74 during Freshman year.





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